And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and coſen Glendower wil you ſit down? and Vncle Worceſter; a plague vpon it, *I* haue forgot the map.

Glendow. No, here it is; ſit Coſen Percie, ſit good Coſen Hotſpur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaſter doth ſpeak of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh he wiſheth you in heauen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

Glen. *I* cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes
Of burning creſſets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your mothers cat had but kittened, though your ſelfe had neuer bene borne.

Glen. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when *I* was borne.

Hot. And *I* ſay, the earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble,

Hot. Oh, then the earth ſhooke to ſee the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie,
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions, oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of collicke pincht and vex't,
By the impriſoning of vnruly winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeples and moſſegrowen towers. At your birth
Our Grandam earth, hauing this diſtemprature
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glen. Coſen, of many men
I do not beare theſe croſsings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

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